3 1761 07040837 2

I

[illegible] the descendants of the
[illegible] volume was [illegible]
[illegible] Nicholas Clapp who came to
[illegible] America 1633, and settled at
[illegible] Boston; the Canadian Family
[illegible] came from Dr Geo. Gibson
[illegible] Clapp who came to Canada
1661 or thereabouts and first
settled in Nor Chester County, just north
of New York City and died there.

**David Clapp.**

H&SS
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4675

David Clapp

David P. Clapp
Late Pres. Massachusetts
7th August, 1894.

# MEMOIR

OF

# DAVID CLAPP.

By WILLIAM B. TRASK, A.M.

BOSTON:
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1894.

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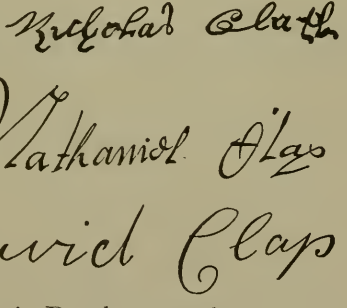
# MEMOIR.

Nicholas Clapp, the first ancestor of David in this country, and the son of Richard, was from Dorchester, Dorset, England. On the 23d of August, 1636, he signed the Church Covenant of our New England Dorchester, drawn up by Rev. Richard Mather and others.

The Clapp family settled, originally, in Salcombe Regis, county of Devon, where Roger, cousin to Nicholas, was born. This place is situated about twelve miles from the city of Exeter, and a little to the eastward of Sidmouth.

David was of the sixth generation in descent from Nicholas,[1] through Nathaniel,[2] Jonathan,[3] David[4] and David.[5] Fac-simile autographs of his first, second and fourth ancestors, in this country, are here given.

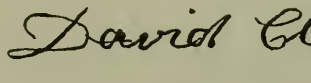


It is understood that Nicholas Clapp settled on land in Dorchester between what is now Upham's Corner and Cottage street, the present Boston street being on the east; where three generations of the family were born. In the year 1754, David, of the fourth generation, moved his residence to the north-casterly side of Jones's hill, in Dorchester, what is now Stoughton street bounding it on the north. For this tract of land of twelve and a half acres he paid £146. 13. 4. Said land was conveyed to him the 12th of May, 1755, by Thomas Kilton and wife Sarah, of Dorchester. On the 6th of February, 1806, in the house built by his father David[5] in 1794, on the portion of land inherited by him, David,[6] second son and third child of the said David[5] and Azubah (Capen) Clapp, was born.

David,[5] father of the subject of this memoir, in the eighteenth year of his age, was engaged with his father, David,[4] in throwing

up the fortifications on Dorchester Heights, in March, 1776. He was, also, a substitute for his father, who was drafted in the Dorchester company the next year, and as a member of that company was stationed at Cambridge to guard General Burgoyne's army, then prisoners of war. They continued there five months. Soon after his return home from Cambridge he was drafted as one of nine privates, who with a sergeant and corporal were sent to Noddle's Island (East Boston) to guard the fort at that place. "At the time I was at the Island," he says, in his diary, "there were only two dwelling houses and two families, the inhabitants, I think, no more than twelve." "At several times in the years 1779, '80 and '81 I enlisted," he writes, "as a soldier and served under Captain Champney and Captain Clapp twenty-two months at Dorchester Heights." See "Clapp Memorial," pages 223, 247; Hist. Dorchester, page 348. The above David[5] died May 15, 1846, in his 87th year. About three acres of land left by him on "Jones's Hill" came into possession of his son David[6] who retained it intact until the year 1889, when the upper portion of the estate was sold in house lots. "A street through the centre from Cushing avenue is laid out, to which it is proposed to give the name of Salcombe street, thereby associating this estate, which has been occupied by four generations of Clapps, with the old family estate in England."

A fac-simile of the autograph of David,[5] born in 1759, is here given.



At the present time little can be gathered in relation to the early life of Mr. Clapp. Presumably, with other boys, his companions and school-fellows, he coasted down Jones's hill, skated on Royal's pond, and attended the dame school of his native district, as was almost universally the case, the teacher receiving the customary fee from each pupil of nine pence (twelve and a half cents) a week. Like other lads he doubtless was familiar with the tall trees, shrubs, fruits and flowers of his neighborhood; on Sundays with his parents he probably sat, forenoon and afternoon, under the preaching of Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, whom, later in life, he designates as "one of the most faithful and affectionate of pastors and best of men," "a man of overflowing sympathies," who "had a kindness and tender-heartedness towards all." The family afterwards be-

came connected with the Second Church, of which Rev. Dr. John Codman was pastor.

From the "woman's" school to the "master's" would be the next step in his educational progress, the "brick school house" being a short distance only from his home. The following, to the point, is the substance of an interview held a few months since by a member of the family, with an aged female acquaintance and school-companion of our friend:

In calling upon a school-mate of my father's, after his death, the first thing she said about him was, "He was a good boy; he was never known to do anything wrong." She described him, as all his later friends have known him, as being conscientious and studious, as well as a lovable character. In his studies she referred to his excellence in spelling, in which he took a prize when quite a small lad.

The school they attended was on what is now Boston street, near Deacon Clapp's tannery, and opposite the old burying-ground. It was a small one-story building, and in the one school-room were gathered together both boys and girls. The room in the winter was heated by a large, open fireplace, and, although the wood was piled on generously, the cold often penetrated the open cracks in the floor, much to the discomfort of those troubled by cold feet. It was not a luxurious room, nor was the life of those who daily gathered there one of ease and luxury. Those were plain and simple homes from which they went forth, and the school-life was of the same character. They studied the common branches, plain, elementary, but solid; thorough as far as they went. There was a religious element in the instruction given; hymns were taught, and the Assembly's Catechism. Two instructors were well remembered by the names of Bennett and Gould.

Holidays were few in those days of Dorchester schools, and excursions for pleasure by the students were unknown. Two weeks a year would nearly cover all the vacations enjoyed.

This school-mate of Mr. Clapp's referred to above, although in her ninety-first year, has recalled clearly to her memory those early days, and described them thus to us with warm praises of him with whom they are connected. Of the above students she remembers the names of Nazro, Downer, Moseley and Humphreys.

John Everett, a younger brother of Edward Everett, though several years older than Mr. Clapp, was for a short time, as he relates, a school-mate in the old brick school-house. This John, a "bud of promise early blighted," died suddenly, Feb. 12, 1826, aged twenty-five years. He delivered an oration before the Washington Society in Boston, and an ode before the same society, of

which he was a member, July 4, 1824. See Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, page 407. Another school-mate was Foster Thayer, afterwards a Congregational minister. Still another, James Bailey, has been discovered. On the 21st of April, 1820, David received from his teacher, Warren Goddard, a reward of merit, "for his persevering diligence, rapid improvement in the various branches to which he has directed his attention, and truly unblemished deportment."

Our friend did not enjoy the privilege of going to school the year round. On the 15th of April, 1819, when thirteen years old, according to his journal he went to work in the tannery of Deacon James Humphreys, where he had for wages seven dollars a month.

On the 24th of May, 1820, in the fifteenth year of his age, he engaged to serve Mr. James White for five dollars a month, which was a reduction in price, but the labor probably was less. Mr. White had his summer residence in what is now the Holbrook house, Crescent avenue, Dorchester. Many years before that, he carried on the book-store in Court street, Boston, which bore the sign of Franklin's Head.

The juvenile diary of young David, now extant, commenced this day, May 24th. Though not intended for the public eye, it is entertaining and instructive to the general reader; the spelling, punctuation and composition remarkable; much of it suitable to be put in print without alteration or correction.

June 17th, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, "Mister White gave me," he says, "this writing book," in which the fact is entered, "one quire of paper, and half a dozen pens," the old-fashioned goose quills, which occasionally required mending, for this was long before the introduction of metallic pens.

He left Mr. White November 1st, and renewed his schooling December 7th, now under the tuition of "Master Pierce," the next May returning to Mr. White's, where he remained until the 5th of November; but to school again, December 26th, the day after Christmas.

At length his seat in the old brick school-house became vacant, and the studious tenant left to learn a trade, as was the custom among boys of those days after finishing their studies at school. On the thirteenth of May, 1822, at the usual age of sixteen, he commenced his apprenticeship at the printing business, with Mr. John Cotton,

Junior, of Boston, who had served his time with Munroe & Francis; David boarded with Mr. Erastus Bartholomew, blacksmith and engine-builder, in Water street. (See "Bartholomew Family," 173–175 for sketch and portrait.) Mr. Cotton's building was then known as in Marlborough street, Number 47; a few years later it became 184 Washington street. The structure was of brick, "without any supply of water, and without the other conveniences now considered so indispensable." He writes:—

For several years, water was easily obtained from a street pump nearly opposite our Franklin street entrance, but the city authorities saw fit to remove the pump, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the neighbors, and resort to a stable near Hawley street was the only alternative, until Lake Cochituate graciously opened its flood-gates in 1849.

His description of the surrounding buildings and occupants as given in the *Boston Transcript* of Jan. 4, 1890, in the department of "Notes and Queries," to which he was a valued contributor, are interesting, and had we space it would be pleasant to quote largely from them. There was Henry White, the apothecary, and Samuel H. Parker, publisher, who kept a circulating library, and got out successfully the Waverley novels as they, anonymously, from time to time made their appearance. Farther down, in Franklin street, corner of Hawley, was the Jeffries mansion where had lived Dr. John Jeffries, philosopher, physician, and aeronaut, who had crossed the British Channel in a balloon, in 1785, afterwards in 1789 returning to the family residence in Boston, where he died in 1819. His son, Dr. John, lived in the house till it was consumed by fire, Sunday morning, June 22, 1824. "Dr. Jeffries' house was not more than five rods from our office." On the corner of Hawley street was the residence of Thomas Wigglesworth, a prominent merchant of that day. Farther down, at No. 20, lived William P. Winchester, another active business man.

In the last house, downward, on this north side, corner of Theatre alley, lived Josiah Marshall, formerly one of the selectmen of the town, and his family—the oldest daughter being no other than the so-called belle of Boston, the beautiful Miss Emily Marshall. For a number of years I passed by the house several times each day, and had frequent opportunities of looking upon her lovely features, the lineaments of which are still strongly impressed on my memory.

This was written after an interval of nearly threescore and ten years.

But to return. Mr. Clapp, in his diary of Sept. 6, 1822, remarks: "We have left off printing the *Christian Register*." This was volume second, number four of the *Register*, edited by David Reed. Robert M. Peck, No. 4 Spear's Buildings, Congress street, then commenced printing the *Register*. He was succeeded, June 13, 1823, by John B. Russell, of the same place. On the 29th of May, 1823, he writes: "R. M. Peck has begun to print the *Boston Medical Intelligencer*, at our office." "We shall in future print books, I expect. We have now begun one entitled 'Parental Monitor.'" "Nov. 3. Finished the 'Parental Monitor,' the 'Orphan,' and the 'Revenge,' and begun the 'Uncle and Nephew.'" Nov. 24, 1822, he states that "Mr. Cotton has dismissed his other apprentice, and I am now left alone, with neither master, journeyman, nor apprentice to work with." A little later he writes: "I still continue to work alone, with nobody but the mice, who scamper around the silent office as if they thought it had been deserted on purpose to oblige them." He was at that time in the seventeenth year of his age.

Under date of June 1st, 1823, he informs us, "there has been a military company formed in Dorchester, this spring, called the Dorchester Rifle Company. Captain Cyrus Balkam is chosen captain, Mr. Aaron Capen lieutenant, and Mr. Farrar ensign. It consists of about forty members."

He continued working on the *Intelligencer*, for Messrs. Peck and Cotton. There were about 260 subscribers to this periodical, which was edited by Dr. Jerome V. C. Smith, afterwards mayor of Boston, assisted by Dr. George Parkman. He relates some pleasant reminiscences of Dr. Parkman "whose name is so tragically connected with that of Professor Webster." "It fell to my lot for a year or two during my apprenticeship to become well acquainted with Dr. P.," while assisting Dr. Smith in editing the first two or three volumes of the *Medical Intelligencer*.

The peculiar condition of our office at that time threw the mechanical work of the *Intelligencer* mainly into my hands. Dr. P. was frequently in the office, and I well remember his peculiarities, as well as the kindliness of his disposition. In preparing his copy for the paper, he usually wrote on the backs of old letters pinned together, and in his proof-reading was

unsparing in the erasure of every word that could possibly be dispensed with, leaving his sentences bare and rugged in the extreme. The extra work thus caused to the printer in the days when brass galleys and galley proofs were unknown, was fully understood and regretted by the doctor, and ways of more easily performing the work were suggested and contrived by him. He was cheerful, chatty and companionable in the office, but was not backward in preferring to act the part of editor-in-chief. I recollect an instance in which, notwithstanding his well-known eccentricities and apparently cold exterior, his kindness and generosity showed themselves. He had the charge of an unfortunate young man, of whom, I think, he was guardian, on whom he wished to keep an eye, and therefore got permission to place him in the office and to have him employed in carrying papers and doing other light work, without any expense to the establishment.

While the doctor was thus connected with the office, he learned that I was desirous of studying the French language, and kindly invited me to come up to his house in Cambridge street, on evenings when I could be spared, offering himself to give me lessons in that language. Accordingly I was in the habit of occasionally going; and there, by the side of a small table, in his little bare and meagrely furnished office, by a dim light, I, a poor apprentice boy, received instruction in French from this eccentric but generous-hearted man. One night I was sadly perplexed. It was in the fall of the year and the evening was cool. When my usual lesson was finished and I was ready to go home, he noticed that I was without an overcoat. I must, he said, on no account go home without one; he would lend me his! The idea of wearing in the streets his singular and old-fashioned garment shocked me! In vain I protested that I did not need one. Unsuspicious of my real reasons, he insisted upon producing his heavy, long-waisted, gray coat, with capacious side pockets, and forced it upon me. I found there was no help, therefore made the best of it, wearing the coat and reaching my home in Purchase street safely, but not, it is to be feared, sufficiently grateful to the kind-hearted doctor.

June 17, 1823. Mr. John Cotton has bought the *Medical Intelligencer* of Mr. Peck. I expect to print it alone, for the present.

On the 4th of July following, he went to Nash's hotel, at Neponset. The Dorchester Artillery and the Rifle company dined there. Patriotic toasts and sentiments were given by Major Samuel Payson, Joseph Gunnison, Daniel Withington.

July 20. Mr. Crocker has begun to print a new publication at our office, entitled *Evangelical Repertory.*

Feb. 10, 1824, at 18 years of age, he writes:—

I have had the kine pox at last, after being inoculated, once by Dr. Parkman, three times by Dr. Smith, and once by myself, the last of which took.

Importance is attached to this subject, as, according to his account, the small pox then prevailed in the vicinity of Boston, and he, by vaccination, may have been instrumental in warding off the disease from himself.

Mr. Cotton made an arrangement with Francis Y. Carlisle to work in the printing-office, Mr. Cotton to find type, paper, etc., and Mr. Carlisle to have half the profits; Mr. Clapp, who was then engaged alone on the *Medical Intelligencer*, to exchange work with Mr. Carlisle. Soon, however, the latter having an opportunity of becoming foreman of the *Christian Register* office, left Mr. Cotton for the above purpose, which Mr. Clapp regretted, for he was thus left again entirely alone. Messrs. Carlisle, Crocker and Oliver, before leaving Mr. Cotton, were engaged in printing a small book for Mr. John Barnard, of about one hundred pages, 18mo, entitled "The Sparrow," which was finished about the middle of December following, Mr. Clapp assisting in the work.

Mr. Clapp in this journal, so faithfully kept during his minority, gives frequent and minute accounts of great fires which occurred in Boston, among them one on the 20th of June, 1824, when Dr. Jeffries' large and elegant brick dwelling house took fire and was entirely consumed; part of the furniture saved, together with his very valuable library. Another, on the 24th of the same month in Salem street, "in the large brick building, very near the north church, which was occupied as a type-foundry, printing-office and bookbindery, and contained Mr. Treadwell's famous power press, which was destroyed, together with type, stereotype plates, many valuable publications nearly finished &c. which with the damage done to the building," five stories high, "amounted to 50,000 dollars." Still another, on July 7th, the great Beacon street fire, which broke out in a carpenter's shop in Charles street, "sixteen elegant brick dwelling houses," "with stables, shops, and sheds," "entirely destroyed." "Mr. Cotton owned one of the dwelling houses which was burned, and in which I formerly resided. This building was not insured, so that it is probable he is worth six or seven thousand dollars less than he was this morning."

On the 7th of April, 1825, "the city of Boston was visited by the most destructive fire which has occurred here for a great number

of years." Between fifty and sixty buildings burned, most of them large brick stores, filled with goods of every description, much of which was also destroyed; supposed loss, seven or eight thousand dollars. It commenced in a cooper's shop in Central street. He was present nearly the whole of the time the fire was raging, from between 10 and 11 o'clock at night till near day-light. Bales of silks, broadcloths &c. were thrown out and instantly seized by a crowd of officious persons and carried whither they would.

Mr. Cotton came very near being again burned out by this distressing fire, which came so near his paint-shop as to render it necessary to remove everything of value out of it.

Mr. Cotton has purchased the *Atheneum or Spirit of the English Magazines*, of Munroe & Francis, and intends for the future to publish it in his office. We commenced the first number of this volume last month. Samuel Clap Jr., my cousin, came as an apprentice to Mr. Cotton about the beginning of March, so that my long career of printer's *deviltry* has at length terminated, but as John Cotton Jr. will be the foreman of the office I shall be less my own master than I have been during most of the time for two years past.

It appears that John Cotton senior was not a practical printer, but carried on the ship and house painting business in Batterymarch street, and was also engaged in the manufacture of painted carpets, so that the affairs of the printing-office were delegated to the junior member, but the care and labor fell upon his industrious and faithful journeyman, Mr. Clapp.

In the words of another:—

He early assumed pressing and important responsibilities in the printing-office which he had entered as an apprentice at the age of sixteen years. Owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances, in less than two years after he commenced his apprenticeship he found himself in such a position that the chief responsibility of the office devolved upon him; and such was his strict attention to business, his unswerving integrity, his ambition to excel in his profession, united with his faithfulness to his nominal employer, and the rare tact which he even then showed in harmonizing the disagreements of differing parties, that he was found to be equal to the demands of this difficult and responsible position. It is exceedingly interesting to gather from the journal facts showing how steadily and surely, in the course of two years or less, he worked his way upwards in spite of his native diffidence and his ignorance of men and of business, to a position as master printer, for in reality before he was eighteen years of age, very much of the

chief responsibility of the office rested upon his shoulders. And it is very pleasant and gratifying to observe, in his modest account of himself during this period, how his successful performance of many most difficult and delicate tasks won for him the confidence of those whom he regarded with highest respect and esteem.

He quietly remarks :—

If I have been of service to him [John Cotton senior] in conducting the affairs of the office with faithfulness and fidelity, as he has been pleased to acknowledge, it has been entirely the effects of the kind treatment which I have invariably received from him, and the confidence which he has in so gratifying a manner reposed in me.

Two other fires are mentioned in the journal. The first in Court street, Nov. 10, 1825, fourteen or fifteen buildings consumed, among them two book-stores, "with one of which, Wells and Lilly's, the whole of the books it contained, comprising a great number, were destroyed." The other happened New Year's day, Jan. 1, 1826, when, among other losses, the school-room of Mr. Durivage was burned. "Mr. D. lost everything in his room, consisting of a very large collection of paintings and drawings," "besides a great number of French and other books." "He is the gentleman to whom I have been to school for the last two months to learn *le français*." Mrs. Durivage was a sister of Edward Everett. Mr. Clapp wrote, years afterwards, towards the close of life, that he continued in this school until the end of his second quarter, "having received instruction in the rudiments of the French language, which has been of incalculable benefit to me ever since."

Many other interesting matters might be extracted from his early journal, showing how in his boyhood he noted passing events, among them details in regard to the September gale of 1815; the funeral of Gov. Eustis; the reception of La Fayette, the half-century celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill, and an account of the laying of the corner-stone of the monument, the departure of La Fayette to his native shores, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, &c.

Under date of November 1824, he writes :—

The American nation has been nearly in a state of distraction for the last year in disputes respecting the candidates for the presidency. A short time since there were five who had many friends and supporters in the parts

of the country where they respectively belonged. These were Messrs. John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, but the latter is withdrawn and is a candidate for the vice-presidency. Although individually I have no concern in the present election [being a minor], I have taken a deep interest in the contest and suffered it to engross my attention and feelings to an extent which I can hardly account for. In consequence I have attended the public caucuses of each party, at Faneuil Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty, which has recently been repeatedly rocked with flashes of eloquence and points of applause equal to those in the times of Josiah Quincy Jr., and James Otis, though perhaps they may not have their origin in patriotism so pure, nor hearts so devoted to their country's welfare. . . . . One old man disturbed the meeting by repeatedly crying out "Why don't you say something about the duel?" All the candidates except Adams are duellists.

Adams was subsequently elected by a small majority.

On the 13th (Monday morning) about one o'clock, the news reached the city of Boston, and a discharge of one hundred cannon was immediately performed, which aroused the whole neighborhood.

May 14, 1826. Last week Mr. Cotton commenced printing a new edition of Thatcher's Modern Practice. He has procured a new press (one of Smith's patent) and has employed two pressmen in order to keep the press going all the time while printing the above work. He has, also, employed one more compositor. The appearance of the inside of the office is rather different from what it was two or three years ago, when all the work that was done in the office, both at case and press, was done by me. The new press cost about $230.

This was a superior article to the old Ramage press used during the early part of his apprenticeship, when "the printing of each sheet, on both sides, required four separate impressions, or four 'pulls' as they were called, with the bar working of the screw. While one pressman was engaged in this process, a companion attended to the inking of the type by the two leather-faced balls then in use." He writes:—

Feb. 6, 1827. This is my freedom day; twenty one years of age; my apprenticeship ended and manhood attained. Though I am, at present, considerably out of health, the occasion calls for an expression of gratitude to the Giver of every good, for so large a share of health as I have thus far enjoyed, and for the many other blessings with which I have been favored. I shall stay with Mr. Cotton for the present, at the rate of eight or nine dollars a week, and go on in much the same manner that I have done.

After working a while for wages at the same place, Mr. Clapp formed a partnership, in 1831, with John Cotton senior and Henry S. Hull, under the firm name of Clapp & Hull, which was soon dissolved. Mr. Clapp and Mr. Cotton then became partners, the firm name being D. Clapp Jr. and Co., till the year 1834, when Mr. Clapp bought out the business and continued printing and jobbing on the old corner, 184 Washington street, until 1861, when Franklin street was widened on the north side, and the building taken down, Mr. Clapp having been a worker there thirty-nine years. The business was then removed to No. 334 (afterwards re-numbered 564) Washington street. In 1864, his eldest son, John Cotton Clapp, was taken into partnership with his father, and in 1882 they removed to 35 Bedford street. In July, 1889, the Bedford street building being taken down, the firm went to their present location, 115 High street.

The Boston Directory was printed in this office from 1829 to 1846, and the New-England Historical and Genealogical Register from January 1866 to the present time. Much pamphlet and book work has been done by the firm of David Clapp & Son, an especial attention having been given then and now to genealogical and historical productions. Among them may be mentioned volumes of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society, including the History of Dorchester, the "Clapp Memorial," &c., &c. The latter, compiled by Ebenezer Clapp Jr., was published in 1876. As one of the committee of publication of that valuable work—Messrs. Otis and David Clapp being associates—it is fitting and just for the only survivor to bear witness, from personal knowledge, to the fact that a large amount of matter was added through the untiring efforts and labors of the modest and unassuming printer, in text and notes, judiciously compiled, of a biographical, genealogical, historical and illustrative nature. Several visits for this purpose were made to Newport and Warwick, in Rhode Island; Scituate, Massachusetts, and perhaps other places; to the first and last mentioned the writer had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Clapp. From Warwick, by interview and correspondence, a large amount of original matter was obtained concerning the family of George Gilson Clapp. See page 283 and onwards of the "Clapp Memorial" volume. The same general fact may be mentioned as to his prompt assistance in reference to other parts of the book. The principle is applicable, with-

out doubt, to many works that came under his supervision, especially in regard to orthography, punctuation and grammatical construction of paragraphs and sentences, in which sometimes the best writers and composers are inclined to be a little careless, particularly when they are aware that their sheets are under the supervision and care of a faithful printer.

As a historian, he was thorough, counting no time spent in patient research for the verification of data as lost, and his published papers, of which there have been many, have been accepted as reliable.*

The extracts from his diary, as given in this memoir, are wholly from his early journals. He continued to keep a record of events during the greater part of his life, and these were of important service in compiling valuable matter furnished in later days to the special department, as before mentioned, of "Notes and Queries" in the *Boston Transcript*. He had, also, various scrap-books, how many is unknown to the writer, but the index to "Scrap Book, Vol. 1" contains a list of about two hundred autographs, and autograph letters of individuals, chiefly of his own correspondence, principally of a business character. On the margin of a large share of these letters are brief biographical sketches of their lives, apparently written by himself, many of them distinguished in the medical profession.

The publication before mentioned, the *Medical Intelligencer*, printed by Mr. Clapp, commencing in 1823, edited by Drs. Smith and Parkman, in its early days; succeeded by Dr. Chandler Robbins Jr., who took the place of Dr. Parkman as joint editor with Dr. Smith, in 1824, was subsequently merged with another periodical, and called the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal;* continued in octave form, edited at first by Drs. John C. Warren, Walter Channing, and John Ware. It became the property of Mr. Clapp in 1834, and was issued from his press without the omission of a single number until December, 1874, on reaching its ninety-first volume, when the work was purchased by a company of medical gentlemen and removed to another publication house, Mr. Clapp having been connected with its issue for about fifty years.

Francis Minot, M. D., of Boston, who for a time edited the *Journal*, writes :—

My acquaintance with Mr. David Clapp began in the early part of 1855, when an effort was made by several of the younger members of the

* See "Ancient Proprietors of Jones's Hill, Dorchester," pp. 68, printed in 1883; and "Morton and Taylor Estates in Dorchester," pp. 8, printed in 1892.

medical profession in Boston to revive the standard of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, which for some time had fallen into a condition of decrepitude. Although doubtful of our success, Mr. Clapp cordially seconded our efforts, and before long the subscription list contained the names of a large number of our profession, not only in Massachusetts, but in almost every part of the country; and its reputation as a scientific journal has steadily increased, until it has become one of the most valuable medical periodicals in the United States.

It was impossible to be associated with Mr. Clapp without being impressed with his character as a man of honor, as well as with his kindness and courtesy towards all with whom he came in contact. Modest and retiring in his disposition, he was one of the most intelligent of men, while his ability and knowledge in every department of his art, and his familiarity with the requirements of medical journalism, contributed greatly to the success of his undertaking.

Samuel L. Abbot, M.D., of Boston, another editor of the "Journal," says of Mr. Clapp:

I knew him only as proprietor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, of which I was an editor for some years, between 1860 and 1870. My relations with him were of the most kindly nature, and I gladly bear witness to his wonderful equanimity and amiability of temper. He was a man of very few words, but his manner when he spoke was gentleness itself. He was most diligent in his application to business, but I never heard, that I can remember, an impatient or unkind word fall from his lips. In fact, there were times when it seemed to the editors of the Journal that he was altogether *too* amiable. In conducting such a publication it became absolutely necessary occasionally, in their judgment, to use strong language of condemnation in the interest of professional honor and dignity,—but it was very difficult for Mr. Clapp to allow any such expressions to get into print. It was pretty hard, at such times, to have the righteous indignation, which the occasion called for, so weakened by his good-nature as to be perfectly emasculated of its force. As he was the proprietor of the Journal, the editors had to submit with as good a grace as they could. In fact, he could not bear even a righteous quarrel. He was amiable to a fault. I believe him to have been a perfectly upright and conscientous man.

About the year 1828 or '29, he made proposals for establishing in Dorchester a circulating library. To this end he wrote a pleasant letter to the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Harris, his earliest minister, asking advice on the subject, thinking he should soon be obliged to resign his printing business on account of ill health; but the project, probably, was not carried into effect.

Mr. Clapp never held a public office, or seldom went from home for any purpose until the infirmities of age compelled him to retire. His first experience as a traveller was in August, 1831, a few years after he had completed his apprenticeship, having never before been out of sight of Boston. He ventured to make a trip to New York and Albany, with a ride on the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad, from Albany to Schenectady, a distance of twelve miles; said to have been the first railroad built in this country for the accommodation of passengers. The railroad being but partially completed, coaches were run for a short distance at either end. He passed up the Hudson river to Albany; his return was by stage to Brattleborough, Vt., through New Hampshire to Boston; the journey occupying seven days, at an expense of twenty-six dollars, thirty-one and a quarter cents. The writer of this travelled on the same railroad, four years afterwards, from Albany to Schenectady; the first journey made by him beyond the limits of his native State.

St. Matthew's Church was the first incorporated religious society in South Boston, dating back to June 24, 1816. The connection of Mr. Clapp with this Church began in 1843, in which year his wife and himself were confirmed. He was chosen junior warden in 1846. In 1858 he became senior warden, which office he held until his death. He wrote for publication a number of articles concerning "The Early Days of St. Matthew's." These were printed in a paper called the *St. Matthew's Echo*. They contain a valuable summary of the history of the Church for several years, with some account of its rectors. In connection with a notice of Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, minister of the First Church and Parish in Dorchester (Unitarian), who was in the habit of giving a present of a small book on New Year's day to "the lambs of his flock," he says:—

> The writer has now in his possession two paper-covered pamphlets, thus received, with his own name written therein. It is rather singular, under the circumstances, that one of these books was by a Bishop of our Church, Richard Watson, being an "Address to Young Persons on Confirmation," and the other, Archbishop Fenelon's "Pious Reflections for every Day of the Month, with a Life of the Author." In connection with these New Year's gifts to the children the following incident may prove interesting. While Dr. Harris was in England in 1810, he selected a sufficient number of books for the next year's presents and shipped them for New York. The vessel containing them was wrecked and all the books supposed to be

lost. Two of them were however picked up on the shore; one contained his wife's name (Mrs. Mary Harris), the other the name of his daughter (Mary Dorothy Harris), written therein by himself. By some singular coincidence these books found their way to the rightful owners in Dorchester. Although showing marks of having been in the water, they were uncommonly well preserved, and have been carefully and sacredly kept till the present time.

Miss Mary Dorothy Harris died at South Boston (City Point), August 18, 1890, aged 93 years and 6 months.

Mr. Clapp was made a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association in Boston, in 1839, and subsequently a life member. On the 7th of March, 1866, he joined the New-England Historic Genealogical Society, and was connected with the Boston Old School Boys Association for a short time before his death.

On the 9th of April, 1835, he married Mary Elizabeth Tucker, a daughter of Atherton Tucker, of Milton, where she was born the 25th of August, 1808. They had six children, all living, namely: Mary Susannah; John Cotton, married Julia Curtis Crane; Elizabeth Atherton; David Capen, married Constance Leocadie Pierrelée; Caroline Tucker, married Albert A. Chittenden; Sarah Ellen, married Samuel Newman Chittenden.

He retired from active business in 1892, gradually failing in health until his decease, May 10, 1893, at the advanced age of 87 years, 3 months. The funeral services took place at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, on Sunday afternoon, May 14th, at one o'clock, in the Church where he had been warden nearly fifty years; the present rector, Rev. Albert E. George, Rev. Dr. James I. T. Coolidge (a former rector), Rev. Alfred F. Washburn, Rev. John T. Magrath, and Rev. Frederick M. Brooks, officiating. In the morning the rector preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, which was printed. The interment took place in the old cemetery at Dorchester, corner of Boston and Stoughton streets. His estimable wife followed soon after, passing away Oct. 2, 1893, aged 85.

Mr. Clapp was a remarkable man. Having been acquainted with him nearly a half century, we can safely say there are but few among our acquaintances of whom we should dare to use language applicable to him. His great diffidence and modesty curtailed somewhat his status with the public. The golden rule was to him, we doubt not, a standard of duty in his business transactions:

conformity thereto his aim and object. His religious views were well defined and positive. He was straight-forward, upright and honorable. During his apprenticeship, early life, and later manhood, he seemed to have had a commendable degree of firmness and self control, based, as we believe, on principle, with a sincere desire to do his whole duty, as he understood it, in his dealings with his fellow men.

Let others speak, as we are pleased to know they do, in commendation of our friend.

Albert H. Hoyt, A.M., for many years editor of the REGISTER, uses the following language:

My acquaintance with Mr. Clapp began in 1867 or 1868, and during the eight years of my service as editor of the REGISTER I met him very frequently, sometimes daily. The acquaintance thus begun was continued to his death. I was impressed with his quiet disposition, his strict sense of justice and fairness, and his intelligent mind. He was, of course, a master of his craft and art. But he was more than this; he had a very full knowledge of some important periods of New England history, while the history of many of his contemporaries in Boston, and of events which occurred during his active life, was at his ready command. In this way he was of constant assistance to contributors to the history of our local affairs. He had a clear and terse style of writing, and his suggestions were often helpful to those whose writings came under his eye. He touched nothing with his pen, as proof-reader, that he did not improve. His own frequent contributions to the "Notes and Queries" of the *Transcript* are of permanent interest and value. No one who had dealings with Mr. Clapp, or who met him socially, could have failed to be impressed with his modesty, his refinement of feeling and manners, and his unfailing kindness.

Mr. David W. Lothrop, of West Medford, for many years connected with Mr. Clapp's office, furnishes the subjoined estimate of his associate:

So pleasant it is to pen a few kind words to the memory of one who, it may almost be said, never uttered a hard word to any, that I make a slight contribution to the character of the late David Clapp—a man in whom there was no guile, a fountain of the kindliest virtues, who "exulted in all the good of all mankind."

When, in 1842, I first saw and became connected with Mr. Clapp in his office, I was struck with the gentle, spiritual glow resting on his countenance, so rarely seen among business men. Then his modesty; his simple, unpretentious manners seemed to sit so easily upon him, and so to become

him, that I regarded him as a man of remarkably happy elements. Not long after, on a particular matter of business which I thought I might explain to him, he seemed much pleased at what I had to say, and I was gratified; but I soon found he knew more about it than I did.

In business, Mr. Clapp was industrious, frugal, and remarkably faithful and prompt to his patrons—which latter did much to win him success. His manner was quiet, with little talk. Noisy and blustering men he dreaded; yet was frequently obliged to meet them, and at times suffered from them. Mr. Clapp's aim was not to do a great or showy business, for which he was not well fitted, but a moderate and honest one. Pope wrote a couplet, for which pardon may be claimed for quoting and applying, as slightly overstated:

> "Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,
> His word would pass for more than he was worth."

Although Mr. Clapp was not ambitious, in its broadest meaning, he took a reasonable pride in his business, and studied to give a respectable stamp to his typography, particularly to the books from his press relating to history and genealogy. His proof-reading, which he always attended to himself, was very careful and thorough, though often trying to the nerves. He was too conscientious to delegate it to others, and would seek to correct errors in quotations and dates when he thought they might be wrong; also to make the sense clear by proper punctuation. Consequently, authors were frequently under great obligations to him for the accuracy of their productions. In reading proof he employed no one to go through the manuscript while he looked at the printed matter, but glanced from one to the other, with a result remarkable for correctness. In this way, during his long term of service in the printing business, the amount of his labor was prodigious.

In one sense of the word, Mr. Clapp was a timid man—not born with the frowning brow or club of Hercules. I have thought sometimes he felt and regretted his deficiency in this regard. In moral courage, however, he had much to compensate therefor. His was the courage of right, the timidity of wrong. His opinions he deliberately formed, and held to them with reasonable tenacity. So much of a conservative was he that many of the so-called reforms of the day he could not look upon with favor.

For active benevolence Mr. Clapp had no little character. At the office, however, there was not much of it to be seen, being difficult to discover; but there were tokens of individual gifts to the needy which the recipient alone might know or the eye of heaven perceive. "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" seemed to be his most frequent practice.

He rarely uttered ill of anyone; yet, his face would sometimes darken when speaking of evil doers. The worst I ever heard him say was, that the word of a certain man could not be trusted. His personal injuries and

the evils of men he delighted to write in the dust, and grieved, as was said of Bishop Butler, "they could not escape the Almighty Eye."

Another noticeable characteristic of Mr. Clapp was his reticence. He said little to others of his opinions or business; enough to him was his own. He rarely spoke of religious subjects, especially during the business hours, though his veneration for the Deity was evidently profound. Apparently, as a consequence, he ever seemed happy to make the acquaintance of and respect persons of a religious character. To him a Christian was the highest style of man.

Intellectually, Mr. Clapp had a very fine head and brain, and this latter was well cultivated by his own efforts. He never aspired to become a noted writer, yet his productions were clear. In his early life he was a respectable French student.

During an unbroken term of forty-six years (save a few months absence) with Mr. Clapp in the Medical Journal office, from 1842 to 1888, I trust we respected and appreciated each other. Our tempers seemed to fit remarkably well for what we had to do, and we never passed an angry word.

The world has heard much of the Seven Wise Men of Greece; yet I am not at present particularly conscious of them (trusting we have even more than that number in Boston), but of the *good*, just and noble men of Massachusetts now on the list of my special remembrance there are only six in number, and one of them is David Clapp.

"Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb."

Mr. Edward D. Harris, of New York City, in a letter to one of the family, says:—

I made his acquaintance in 1863—thirty years ago—and bear most willing testimony to his unvarying courtesy, kindness, and beautiful Christian character. I owe much to him for his help and suggestions in my literary work, from its commencement, and recall many pleasant interviews and kind personal notes in the long period of our friendship.

With you remains the heritage of a good name—to me his death brings one more gap in the line of old friendships.

John Ward Dean, A.M., editor of the REGISTER, expresses himself:—

My acquaintance with Mr. Clapp began in the autumn of 1864, when he contracted for printing the Historical and Genealogical REGISTER. I, being a member of the publishing committee, saw him frequently. In October, 1875, I became the editor of the REGISTER, which had just completed its twenty-ninth volume. My predecessor was Col. Albert H. Hoyt, who had edited the work for the eight preceding years.

At my first acquaintance with Mr. Clapp he impressed me as a man of

sterling integrity, who was conscientious in all his business transactions; a longer acquaintance confirmed the impression. He took a deep interest in the success of the REGISTER, and in fact he was one of the original members of the Register Club that for a few years bore the pecuniary responsibility of this periodical. I am glad of this opportunity to acknowledge the literary assistance which I received from him during upwards of seventeen years that our connection continued. He was a careful proof-reader, but was not content with the ordinary work of proof-reading. He scrutinized the articles carefully, and often detected errors in the manuscript that had escaped the eye of the editor. In a periodical so largely composed of names and figures, this was an important assistance.

It gives me pleasure to recall his friendship, and I shall long honor his memory for his many noble qualities.

The Rev. John Wright, D.D., of St. Paul, Minn., once a rector of St. Matthew's Church, writes:—

David Clapp was one of the whitest souls I ever knew. His friendships were strong, his spirit gentle, and his piety sincere and unobstrusive. He was wonderfully self-contained, and when he expressed himself uttered the wise and the right word. He disliked contention of any kind, and was always foremost as a peace-maker. And when I preached a sermon from the text "Love is the fulfilling of the law," he came to me to ask for the manuscript that he might publish it at his own expense. While I declined to comply with his request, the incident shows how large-hearted was his love for his fellow men. For thirteen years I was associated with him in the work of St. Matthew's Church, and in all that time I never witnessed in him other than attractive traits of character.

Mr. Oliver B. Stebbins of South Boston, a near neighbor to Mr. Clapp, uses the following language:—

He was a good citizen, kind friend, an able and conscientious adviser in all that pertained to the welfare of the community in which he had spent so many years of his life. His gentle manners, kindliness of disposition, wise counsels, unassuming deportment, ready willingness to render assistance when required, his virtuous life and high character, all rendered him a man worthy to be honored, respected and beloved.

The Rev. William G. Leonard, of Merced, Merced Co., California, in a letter of condolence to the children soon after the decease of their parents, says:

Your father gone, and now your mother has followed. My first recollections of your father are of a pleasant countenance hemisphered with silver locks, and beaming a smile on every friend; foes he had none.

I have met no one whose every bearing was so perfectly in accord with the ideal Christian gentleman. In his presence I have felt rebuked in my boyishness, and prompted to worthier manhood. Verily he was a "living epistle known and read of all men." Your home needed no other angel, but had one in the ever-watchful Martha, your dear mother. Nothing that would bless her companion, or her children or grandchildren, seemed a task for her to do. . . . . Long years this self-forgetting, ever-anticipating wife and mother would be the servant of all.

The Rev. James I. T. Coolidge, D.D., a former rector of St. Matthew's Church, in two communications to the children of Mr. Clapp, thus expresses himself:—

I loved your father almost with a child's love from the first. I sought and relied upon his advice, and believe I never went wrong when I followed it. Sometimes when I have tried to speak the word of our blessed Lord and my heart began to fail me, as I looked over the congregation the reverent and believing attention of your father has been an inspiration, for I knew that I had at least one whose sympathy was all my own.

When I took the rectorship of the parish of St. Matthew's it was after a season of angry discussion and strife. So serious were the divisions that the very existence of the Church was threatened. I never knew, or cared to know, the merits of the controversy; if by chance there were any merits. I went a stranger among strangers, to begin a new ministry under these very difficult and discouraging circumstances. What was more necessary than that I should find a true friend and a wise counsellor; and I found both in Mr. Clapp, and one who never failed me from the beginning to the end of my ministry there. I was sure of his loving sympathy, and felt the strength of his support in all my plans for the best interests of the parish. No rector ever had a kinder adviser and more willing co-laborer. I can truly say that it was by his quiet dignity and gentle spirit, more than by any effort of mine, that peace and harmony were restored and a fair success realized. He was the model of the senior warden.

As the rector, so also the parish, of St. Matthew's has every reason to remember and honor him with deepest gratitude. It was not possible for one to be more devoted to its best interests. His long service as its senior warden was the sincere work of disinterested desire for its best growth and prosperity. No one was a more generous supporter of all its burdens. Every appeal for labor or money received from him a ready answer up to and beyond his proportion. He loved his Church, and as often as the Sundays came it was his welcoming smile which made all feel that we were brothers one of another in the Household of God. Especially was he thoughtful of strangers; and so quietly and simply was his service rendered that I believe many wist not who it was that made them welcome. I

always felt that when the offerings were gathered the gifts were more abundant because the plate was presented by him.

Like his life was his departing out of it. There was no struggle or suffering. He laid himself down as one who taketh his natural sleep. The beauty of his countenance, as he lay upon his couch, will linger long in our most sacred memories. It was a benediction.

The present rector of St. Matthew's Church, the Rev. Albert E. George, remarks :—

I am glad to add my testimony to the many already given of the life and services of that honored man, Mr. David Clapp.

Anyone who had intimate acquaintance with this good man will bear me out in the statement that his life was as nearly the ideal one of humanity as any thing human could be. He had that attractive simplicity which naturally evolved itself from his heart because he had a deep love for all that was good and true. Simplicity must be accompanied with other characteristics. Modesty and sweetness of temperament will soon make themselves known. He had these, and because they were his in a marked degree no one ever could be his enemy, much more no one desired to be his enemy. He never met you in a way which would convey any other impression except that of love and kindness. There was a depth to his spirituality. He could not act in any other manner except what a Christian would admire. His long service as senior warden of St. Matthew's Church, through many periods of anxiety and discouragement, was never broken by any disloyalty to his Church or tyranny over those who served as rectors. There is not a rector living who is not ready to declare that the inspiration of his life was an honor to the parish and a stimulation to the joy of being a Christian. He never used his office for any other purpose except the glorification of the highest objects. Always peaceable, kind, courteous, discreet and loving, he sought the opportunity where these could be shown. Men never mistook his motives. You knew him before he acted upon any measure; you found in him the same gracious, tender and pleasing disposition afterwards. He was a model warden, and stands out before the Episcopal Church in this city as such. . . . . To come within the influence of this man's sweetness and happy smile drew the difficulty from parochial problems, and made one go on his way rejoicing.

Above all, he was a Christian in the best sense. He lived the life he professed; no false notes were ever heard. He did not go to Church out of mere sentimentality. He went because he knew it to be more than a duty. It was his real pleasure. His venerable form adorned the sacred place. . . . . Always generous, always seconding any noble undertaking, he identified his zeal to the very last with those works which would show forth the Lord's praise.

# MRS. MARY ELIZABETH CLAPP.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Clapp, the beloved partner, during fifty-eight years, of the subject of the preceding memoir, was born in Dorchester, Aug. 25th, 1808, and followed her husband to the Rest of Paradise, on October 2d, 1893, in less than five months after his decease.

Mrs. Clapp was the daughter of Atherton and Joanna (Trow) Tucker. At the time of her marriage her home was in Milton, where her father's farm was located. She was the seventh in descent from Robert Tucker, who came from Milton, England, to Weymouth, Mass., as early as 1639, and held offices in the latter town from 1647 to 1651. In 1663, he bought land on Brush Hill, Milton. "He dissolved his connection with the church in Weymouth, and joined that in Milton, at the time of its foundation, April 12th, 1678. He represented the town of Milton in the General Court, for the years 1680 and 1681, and died March 9th, 1682. The house in which he lived is now standing. His handwriting appears as the recorder of the first book of records in the town of Milton."

Mrs. Clapp's maternal grandfather, Capt. Bartholomew Trow, of Charlestown, Mass., was an officer in the army of the Revolution, and took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The life of Mrs. Clapp was quiet and retired. She was endowed with sterling qualities of mind and heart; and her husband was largely indebted to the excellent good sense and practical wisdom, the unfailing patience and indefatigable diligence, which eminently characterized this faithful and loving companion. She was most truly a helpmeet for her husband. Unselfish consecration to her household duties, and a habitual reference to the wishes and opinions of the members of her family, distinguished the whole course of her married life.

The virtue of hospitality shone conspicuously in her, and her numerous friends and relatives met always a cordial welcome from this warm-hearted and generous hostess. Nor did she fail in acts of kindness and benevolence beyond the limits of her home, but delighted in rendering aid according to the various needs which came under her observation.

Within the sacred precincts of the church she loved, and which she had frequented, with her husband, for fifty years, almost the very last moments of her life on earth were spent. At the Holy Table, apparently in her usual health, she received the emblems of a Saviour's love, not many hours before she was called away, by sudden illness, to join, we trust, in the eucharistic service of the saints in glory.

The Rector of this Church, the Rev. A. E. George, to whom she was most warmly attached, has written the following tribute to her memory:

This sweet, gentle and loving life broke away from its earthly relationship on the early morn of Oct. 2d, after a few hours of illness. The day previous, she had spent in the courts of the Lord's House, a happy, touching coincidence with her departure into the paradise of God. No one, who ever knew her, could fail to find that which wins our admiration and blesses the friendships of earth. Deep in her christian faith and practice, fervent in her example of living the life which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, she mingled her gentle tender ways, full of the unction from above, with those who to-day can rise up and call her blessed. A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. (Prov. xxxi. 30). Her interests in the parish were always expressed with the graciousness of remembrance, which a rector loves to hear for his own encouragement and continued comfort. July 16, 1843, was the Sunday when she was confirmed in the old Church, near E Street, on Broadway. It was in the early days of the episcopate of Bishop Eastburn, and the same day saw her earthly partner assume the same vows; his loss we still mourn and his presence still lingers in our mind around St. Matthew's. Her large and growing family kept her at home, and active duty in the details of church work could not be her privilege, but even here the effect of her example is traced, and the blessing of a home life with such a mother is happily revealed to us all. The richness of Christian character was manifestly there to be drawn upon; and the presence of the four clergymen at her funeral bore testimony to the impression of the gentle, tender, loving example in the life for God which she had left behind. The interment was at Dorchester, in that small but beautiful cemetery where the forefathers of the town sleep.

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